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## SNAKES OF GILA BOTTOM.

Big Yarns About the Reptiles of the Western Country.

RATTLESNAKES AND THEIR VENOMOUS BITE

How Ophidians Protect Themselves From Their Common Enemy, the Deer-Antidotes for Snake Bites Exclusive of Whisky.

From the San Francisco Examiner Captain J. A. Mellin, of the steamer Gila who has been running on the Colorado river for twenty-five years, hails from a region perhaps more infested with snakes than any other in the United

He told some remarkable personal experiences vesterday at the Lick.

"At Beaver Island, in the Colorado river, 200 miles above Yuma," said he, I saw a rattlesnake that was bigger than any I ever saw in a menagerie. It wasn't so very long-only a little over five feet-but it was as thick as my thigh and had a head as big as my fist. You will know from this that it was pretty

A NARROW EXPERIENCE. "I tried to kill this snake with a long but rather weak stick, and standing so far off as I had to to keep out of danger. I could not do effective work.

'At length the big rattler got so mad that he bit himself, a thing they always do when enraged and cannot reach their enemy, and he buried his fangs into his tall about eight inches from the end There he was, completely bowed up, and solid as though welded fast.

"I got him on my pole and whirled him round and round like a hoop, as hard as I could until he whizzed like a wheel, but he wouldn't let go. When I finally flapped him down and killed him I found his terrible fangs were each two and one-half inches long.
"His poison sack at the roots was as

big as a tobacco pouch and full of blue matter. He must have weighed thirty pounds. I never saw anywhere a rattlesnake to compare with him. He was very vicious, but I managed to down

"DOCTOR, DON'T LET ME DIE."

"In my journeys along the Colorado many strange and pathetic experiences have come under my observation. In Gilla City a short time ago the little son of the section boss on the railroad went out to the chicken house. It was not in the evening, but late in the afternoon. "It was a little dark when he entered.

and be did not see a rattlesnake there and stepped on it. It whirled and bit him on the ankle. His mother killed it and the boy was put aboard the train and taken to Yuma, eighteen miles

away. There Dr. Sibley waited on him, but he died before the next morning. The poor little fellow did not have convulsions. He was conscious all the time He would say to the doctor, 'Don't let me die, doctor!' It was pitiful to see His legs were swollen up bigger than his body, and he was swollen at

TWO CURIOUS REMEDIES. "There is a weed on the desert that is an antidote for the poison, but they didn't seem to be able to get any at the It is called the snakeweed, though in fact it is a little trailing vine. It has the tiniest little leaf, and when it is broken exudes a milky fluid. This milk the Indians use to make tea of and take

The Indians also have another curious remedy. When any one is bitten they take switches and switch one of the numerous ant-hills down there. This makes the ants very mad and they spew out in their anger a venom or saliva. This the Indians gather up with the dead ants and dirt by handfuls, and put two or three of them in a rag and bind on the bitten part, and the poultice works a perfect cure.

"Rattlesnakes will always bite themselves when lashed into a fury and unable to reach their enemy, and they then rush off and cat this weed told you about. That's why it is called snakeweed, and it is how people found out it was a cure. It never fails either with people or snakes that are bitten.

A LONELY RIDER'S THRILLING ESCAPE. "No place in the world has so many rattlesnakes as the Gilla bottom. Now I'll tell you this, which came under my

own observation. "Sergeant McCracken, of Colonel Lovell's staff, at Fort Yuma, was the mail rider from Yuma to La Paz, along the Gila valley. He was returning home one evening on a big government mule and when a mile from Rhodes' ranch be heard an awful rattling on both sides of the road.

There was such a rattling that it sounded like a lot of beans in a gourd. The mule took fright and Mr. Mc-Cracken couldn't hold him. All he could do the mule would go and he went like a prairie fire. IT WAS A SNAKE.

"Something slewed around and struck the mail rider, and ne thoughtit was his riata which had become loose. He made a grab for it and grasped in his hand a big rattlesnake. He was horrified and let go, very

for bim, too, and the snake,

which had become loose from the mule breast when he struck him, dropped "The mule went the mile on a dead run, Nothing could check him. He ran into Rhodes' corral and dropped

'In fiteen minutes he was dead and swelled up as big as five mules. Rhodes told me he never believed such a tre-

mendous bulk could be got into one mule's hide. Yes, I believe it is true that a rattle-

snake won't bite anything unless it is attacked first. I believe that mule stepped on him, probably on his tail.' But you said this was a big mule and how could the snake reach up and strike him in the breast?" asked the re-

A FORMIDABLE ENEMY. "We have a snake along the Colorado river that we call the king snake. It is the enemy of the rattlesnake, and kills it by crushing it like the boa constrictor. The king snake when grown is as much as six or seven feet long, with beautiful red and white and black spots.

"One would think it impossible that one kind of snake would kill another by wrapping itself around its victim. Th wonder is, what is the rattlesnake doing all this time, and is it not as quick as the other? It does not appear so. Quick as the rattler is, the king snake can get

'He waits till the rattlesnake pro trudes his head a little from the coil and then springs in loop form around him and squeezes the life out of him in

a jiffy.

The king snake is not poisonous and never attacks man. In the Colorado and Gila valleys there used to be an innumerable number of them, but there

UNWELCOME VISITORS "We used to find rattlesnakes among the goods on the dock at Yuma. Once

bacon there, preparatory to loading the Gila, they moved a tierce and a large rattlesnake was found. They killed him

before he could get away.

"Then they moved another tierce. It was the one I had been sitting on, and, behold, there was a big rattlesnake "I believe rattlesnakes, rats, rabbits,

mice and similar animals sometimes live

together. I know this has been a mooted question, but when there is a commor danger they do this. 'In June of each year the Colorado river usually overflows, and at such times I have found in cords of wood living apparently in the greatest harmony, rabbits, rattlesnakes, rats and

"They were all in the same cord, and there were no dead or partially eaten animals there to indicate that one had

nade a meal on the other. "I have seen them together in hollow ogs at such times, too, and I would find food carried there, such as mesquite beans. It is probably only at times of common danger, though, that they do

SPRINGS EXACTLY ITS LENGTH.

"Jumped up. A rattlesnake can jump his length exactly. Take a snake coiled up, and he tooks just like an inverted top, his head the apex over the center. When he strikes he can leap his entire length, from the tip of his tail to his head. This was a big rattler, and he had no difficulty in striking the big mule in the breast, and he was so enraged that he held on and was mistaken

for the loose lariat.
"I have shot a snake that was coiled up with a Henry rifle and cut him in three places. They are done up like a coil of rope, very compact, and there is an immense amount of concealed strength in the coil. No animal knows better how to use it than a rattlesnake. If a cowboy can become so dextrous by practice with a rope, what can be ex ected from a snake, with which it is natural?

"It should not be forgotten either, that if a rattler is shot or cut to pieces he can strike with his head and inflict a deadly wound.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

"Though I never knew a rattlesnake to attack anything first, I have known them to spring when they saw an attack was coming. One time when I was in a small boat on the Colorado river I saw a good sized rattlesnake on one of the banks. I got up and tried to strike it with my oar. It was quicker than light ning and struck backwards at me.

"When a deer down there sees a rat tlesnake, no matter if it is coiled and ready to spring, he will edge around until he gets as close as possible and then gathering himself in a heap, he will come down with all four feet on the snaka

"It's a close match between a deer and snake, but the deer is usually the quicker. He won't get close till he gets all ready and then he drops on the reptile like a flash.

Fyrup of Figs,

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the buman system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation

Pleasant Incident of a Wedding. But few of the descriptions of the re ent marriage of Archduchess Valeri of Austria have made mention of an in cident which occurred on the eve of the

wedding, says the New York Tribune The emperor and empress had prepared a charming surprise for the bride, al-ways their favorite daughter, and still more dear to them since the suicide of their son Rudolph at Meyerling. Baron Bezeeny, director of the court theaters, had received orders to summon with great secrecy to Ischl the members of the famous quartette of the Vienna opera. From the railroad station the singers were driven to the house of the master of ceremonies and and conducted to a room, where they received four copies of a song, which they were re-A splendid dinner quested to learn. was served to them in the same room, in which they were to remain until sum-At nightfall they were led moned. through the woods to the imperial villa and placed under the cover of a heavy clump of trees opposite the terrace of the residence, with instructions to wait a given signal before beginning their song. At last the empress appeared, holding her daughter by the waist; benind them was the emperor with the bridegroom, the Archdeke Salvador. As they were all silently standing on the terrace Prince Hohenions gave the sig-nal, and from under the deep shade of the trees there floated up the sounds of an exquisite song, the words and music of which had been composed by the young bride herself some time previously. The archduchess rose toward her parents, her eyes filled with tears of emotion and happiness. Then the emperor went down in the garden and prosented each singer with a diamond

scarfpin. Ask for Van Houten's Cocoa, Take no

other.

Whitman on Poets.

Grand as today's accumulative fund of poetry is, there is certainly something unborn, not yet come forth, different from anything now formulated in any verse, or contributed by the past in any land—something waited for, craved, hitherto non-expressed, writes Walt Whitman in the North American Review. What it will be, and how, no one knows. It will probably have to prove itself by itself and its readers. thing, it must run through entire humanity (this new word and meaning Solidarity has arisen to us moderns) twining all lands like a divine thread stringing all beads, pebbles or gold, from God and the soul, and like God's dynamics and sunshine illustrating all and having reference to all.

From anything like a cosmical point of view, the entirety of imaginative literature's themes and results as we get them today seems painfully n rrow. All that has been put in statement, tremendous as it is, what is it compared with the vast fields and values and varieties left unreaped? Of our own country, the splendid races north or south, and especially of the western and Pacific regions it sometimes seems to me their myriad noblest Homeric and Biblic elements are all untouched, left as if ashamed of, and only certain very minor occasional delirium tremens glints studiously sought and put in print, in short tales, "poetry"

One Effect of the Silver Bill.

A surprising result of the silver bill passed by congress awhile ago is that it enriches the miners at the expense of the missionaries. The advance in the price of silver has caused exchange to fall off in Asia, and \$10,000, which recently sold for 28,000 rupees in India, now bringing only 25,000, These missionaries get their money by bills of exchange on London, says a Washington dispatch to the Globe-Democrat. These are sold in India for rupees, and the higher exchange goes the fewer rupees come from the same amount in dollars or pounds. The Baptist Missionary Magazine estimates that it will cost the Missionary union of Boston about \$58,000 more this year to support its missions in India than it did last year, and all on account of the silver bill. when the men were moving tierces of

## A WESTERN GAMBLER

G. F. Parsons in New York Ledger: As in the construction of the Union and Central Pacific railroads their junction drew near, two strange spectacles might have been seen upon different points of those plains of Utah which then presented so melancholy, drear and desertlike an appearance. The advance of the western line was being made by a great body of Chinese. There were some ten thousand of them, and they were so well drilled that their work of laying the rails upon the previously graded roadbed went forward with the precision and automatic promptness of a machine. They had worked on the Central Pacific from the extreme slope of the Sierras, and after the tremendous engineering and construction difficulties of the mountain section, railroad building on the bottom of the Salt Lake valley

cemed mere child's play to them.

Toward the last, when both companies were straining every nerve to see which should reach Promontory Point first, the Central Pacific force actually laid ten miles of rails in one day—a feat unprecedented then, and, so far as my in ormation serves, still unsurpassed. There was a considerable number of white men on this side also, but they were skilled workmen, foremen, bridgebuilders, etc. Strict discipline was maintained in

the Central Pacific construction camps, and the more easily, since permission to open perlpatetic drinking booths was stendily refused to all applicants. A the Union Pacific. As that read advanced beyond the settlements on its way westward its construction camps attracted some of the most lawless and desperate men of those who habitumly hang upon the selvages of civilization. There were gamblers, rumsellers, thieves, bullies, murderers and ruffians of every kind: and they were absolutely unrestrained. The chief attraction to this mercenary crowd was the wages of the railroad hands, and every pay-day was the occa-sion of orgies which invariably ended in fighting, more or less promiscuous, and usually several murders. Justice, how ever, made no attempt to control or administer the laws upon these evil birds of passage; and as they generally killed one another during their mad outbreaks, perhaps it was thought judicious to le them save the territory expense in this

In passing through the settled regions

men employed on the construction of the Union Pacific had given a good deal of trouble, being a pretty tough lot, independent of the influences exerted by the following of criminals and outlaws just spoken of. It was the practice of these birds of prey to put up little towns of tents at convenient points, and then open saloons and gambling-hells. These ambulatory villages never remained long in one place, but followed the construction parties as closely as possible As the Utah valley was traversed the influx of desperadoes swelled and, a short time before the union of the two lines at Promontory, the at-mosphere of the last of the gambling and drinking camps became so preternaturally sultry that even the vetorans began to feel nervous. The place had received the suggestive and significant name of 'Kill-Me-Quick," and the title was justified. It was a rare event for any dawn to break in that haunt of iniquity without bringing into view three or four stiff forms stretched on the scrubby sage brush about the tents. No inquiry was ever made as to how they met their death, nor was it thought worth while to give them decent burial. The most that was done was to hire some particularly out-of-elbows hangeron to drag the bodies out into the open and there they were left to the disposal of the coyotes. No man's life at "Kill-Me Quick" was ever worth two min-utes' purchase, for not only were pistols drawn at all hours of the day and night but the thinness of the tents in which every one lived invited stray bullets which frequently found unintended bilets. There were a few women in the place, and these were of the most desperate and abandoned kind; even quicker than the men with the pistol and knife, and reckless in all ways beyond

Things were in this state at the

concention.

'front' of the Union Pacific, when, in the spring of 1869, the writer of this sketch went from San Francisco to the place of junction in Utah, to witness the laying of the last rail. Arriving some days before the ceremony, he was obliged to make many odd shifts to get to the foremost construction camp; and day he found himself thrown into strange company, the only other passen-ger on the car being a rough and determined looking man, who had with him two singularly heavy valises. The stranger was sociably inclined, and condescended to enter into conversation with the young man, who, on his part, welcomed the opportunity to study a new species. In a few minutes, the man of the two valises had stated that his name was Bill Dresser; that he was a gambler "by profession," and that he was on his way to "rig up" some-thing, over the thought of which he chuckled several times. Now it must be said that Mr. William Dresser was not at all like the western gambler described by Bret Harte. He was not smooth and polished and cold, with the manners of an exquisite and the eye of a raftlesnake. He did not wear broadcloth and fine linen. He exhibited no diamonds, his hands were not smooth and white, and nobody could by any possibility have mistaken him for a gentle-He was red-faced, rough-skinned, with a scrubby beard, wore a coarse and shabby suit of clothes, and a rusty soft hat; displayed no jewelry whatever, but was evidently well "heeled," that is to say, he carried two big navy revolvers at his belt and a knife in one his boots. For a man who, according to his own account, had killed several of his fellowcreatures without the least compunction or remorse, he did not appear formidable. Thousands of honest farmers wear no more innocent expression and are no more frank and affable in manner. Perhaps it was the fact that there was nobody for him to talk to but me that loosened his tongue. Perhaps it

was his habit to distribute his confi-dences freely. My acquaintance with him was too brief to interest me upon this point, but I was perfectly content to hear all he was willing to say.

Presently he happened to kick one of his valises, and a curious metallic, jingling sound which followed encouraged

me to inquire what he had there. Here

upon he laughed, and said: "I guess you'd be a long time findin thatl It's guns!" and then he opened one of the valises and showed that it was filled with apparently second-hand relooked the volvers. I must have plexity I felt at this sight, and Bill Dresser was not the man to leave a companion in uncertainty. He proceeded to enlighten me as to the meaning of the

phenomenon.
"Yer see," he began, rather thoughtfully, but with a candor to inspire confidence, "of late these yer fellers wot bucks the tiger hev got to be uncommon rambunctious, 'specially the railroad hands. Yer can't win the leastest pile off'n 'em without their pullin' their guns on yer, and tho' in the perfession we hev to take chances, of course, this everlastin' shootin 's kind o' wearin' on the

To this I assented, it seemed so ob-

vious, but still I was as far as ever from perceiving the meaning of the two valises

full of "guns."

Mr. William Dressey proceeded:

"Now, mate," by this endearing term
he was kind enough to designate the
writer) "I've got a paramer, which his
name is Jim Farley. Jim's cute and up
to more tricks than I am, and twas he that worked out this plant. It's jest this Wen we mark down a railroad camp I go on ahead and strike the boys jest before a pay-day, so's to make sure that they'll be out of cash Well, I open up the game, and some on em drops in and hangs 'round, gloomy like. Pres-ently they lets me know ther' ain't any money in the camp. I sez, cheerfully, that this don't make no differ. I'm willing to meet the boys more'n half way. Them as hasn't any rocks can plank down their guns at an agreed valuation, and there we are-nothin' to hinder the game. The boys don't need a second askin' and I corrals all the guns in the camp—see? By'n by pay-day comes around, and then my pardner takes up the runnin', suils into the camp and collars the shinplasters. Just here's where the fine work comes in. Ef the boys had their guns, ten to one they'd fill my pardner full of lead, but I've drawn their teeth, yer see, and so Jim has time to clear out with his winnin's before the crowd can get cool enough to organize a lyachin' party. It's an allfired combination, and works like a charm.

So saying, Bill Dresser beamed upon me as though he had been relating the most praiseworthy and philanthropic of actions, and his eye so clearly expressed confidence in my admiration that I really felt embarassed at being unable to en-dorse the "combination" heartly and without prejudice. But he was not de-pendent upon the cold charity of the world for approbation. The mere sight of the two vallses tickled him, and he could not touch one with his foot without breaking into a gaffaw. Suddenly a struck and for a moment sobered him. He put his hand upon my knee, and dropping his voice a little, oberved feelingly:

"Mate, my pardner and me'd rake in a big pile of t weren't for one thing. I can't stand off old rye! That's my weak point, and its broken up no end o' prom plants. Some day' -here his gloom deepened-"I expect it'll lead to my passin' in my checks prematoorly.'
Here he paused and fell into a reflec ive mood, which I did not interrupt.

The most striking point in this man was the placid unconsciousness of abnormality which marked his easy relation. t was evident that he did not regard himself as in any respect singular, nor did he think his occupation one to be ashamed of. Living wholly with those who did the same or worse, this was natural enough, but law-abiding people commonly make the misake of supposing that lawless people fully recognice their lawlessness. Hence the false conceptions of black-browed, saturnine desperadoes to be found in fiction-creatures who are filled with remorse, rage and despair. Such characters do not exist. Your real outlaw may o doubt be sullen and evil-tempered but he is quite as likely to be debonnair, genial and cheery, and to go through the world with a light heart, earing only for the plaudits of men who hold the same views with himself, and neither comprehending nor troubling himself about the condemnation of that respec table element of society which he ignores or mildly despises. Bill Dresser was a typical outlaw, and thoroughly acclimated to his environments. He sin-cerely took pride in Jim Farley's "com-bination," and he saw no reason why an ordinary, intelligent stranger should not share his opinion. He was a decidedly interesting study, and when, is anwer to my questions, he avowed an intimate knowledge of the game called three-card monte," and proceeded to instruct me in the mysteries of the 'joker," the instruction became stil nore novel and amusing. I do not think I was a very apt scholar, for really the only impression I carried away wa a conviction that whoever played "three card monte" in the hope and expectation of winning money deserved to be put in a lunatic asylum. Yet at the time, and indeed long afterward, monte players so nfested the Central and the Union Parific railroads, and victimized so many passengers, that the companies found necessary to place warning placards in every car, besides doing their utmost to keep the gamblers off the lines. Bill Dresser was quite proud of his sleight-of-hand skill, but he did not try to inluce me to bet, and I have sometime hought that he may have had a vague feeling of disinclination to fleece one to whom he had revealed himself so fully.

As he intimated a purpose to introduce he "combination" at the Central Pacific front. I thought it my duty to inform the superintendent of the plot, and when Mr. Dresser approached the camp he was politely but firmly invited to go somewhere else. I did not meet him again. What follows was gathered from other sources and by scraps and frag-ments. It seems that when he went back to "Kill-Me Quick" he found his partner impatiently awaiting his return. 'arley's immediate presence at the east being required in the interest of some other "plant"—no doubt criminal—but of what nature I never learned. Before leaving Bill's "pardner" had to de termine whether to let the joint capital remain in Dresser's hands and be employed by him as usual in keeping the gaming house in operation, or whether the game should be closed during his absence. Prudence suggested the second course; avarice supported the first. Farley had no fear that his partner would run away with the funds, and this fact poke rather strongly for Bill, since there are not many of his kidney who are above temptation and superior to opportunity. What Farley did fear was Bill's addiction to "old rye," for he was always liable to get on what he called a "jamboree" and if he did, the funds would certainly be lost. Dresser, however swore so solemnly to shun the flowing bowl, and represented so strongly the folly of losing a golden opportunity for "raking in the shekels," that hi partner at length forewent his better judgment, and decided that the game should be kept open. This settled, he took the train for the east, the understanding being that he would return in

two weeks at the furthest. Frail human nature is so constituted that it always hankers after forbidden

appeared, than his partner began to reflect upon the extent of the privation to which he had pledged himself for no less a period than fourteen days. For the first twenty-four hours his good resolu-tions were bracing enough to keep him in the path of (comparative) virtue; but precisely because he had sworn not to touch liquor, the craving for it grew upon him, until his condition was truly pitiable. He held out, notwithstanding the cumulative weight of his temptations, to the end of the first week. Then he fell like Lucifer-"never to rise again." This was no ordinary spree. The law of proportions necessitated its adaptation to the causes which had produced it. There had been every reason for abstaining from drink, therefore there was every reason for drinking more heavily than ever when he did begin. Bill Dresser was not quarrelsome in his cups, or he would certainly have been killed during this spree, for he wrs perfectly reckless. His neighbor birds of prey, of course, took prompt ad-vantage of his condition. He had closed his game, but he saved nothing by that, for he immediately proceeded to bet upon all the other games in the camp. As not one of these games was "square," it followed that Bill lost his and his partner's capital rapidly; but t did not check him. He was, truth, in the state called "fey" by Scotch-that pecular state in which death being decreed, the predestined victim is supposed to be mysteriously impelled to carry his own doom into effect. He drank deeply, and gambled wildly, until the day before Farley was expected back. Then he stopped playing, because he no longer possessed a dollar, and he stopped drinking, because the barkeeper refused to give him credit. So the week's furious excitement ended, and left a shaking, halfdelivious, remorseful, shame-burdened wretch in the place of the jaunty and self-confident Bill Dresser. Having now nothing else to do, he thought, and though his thoughts could not, in the state of his system, be healthy or normal ones, they none the less led him to a fixed resolve, which he proceeded to carry out as soon as his partner arrived, He found it necessary to beg a stiff drink of whisky before facing his injured

friend, for he was very tremulous and unnerved. Of course, there was a stormy scene; in fact, Farley was beside himsel with rage and disgust at his own folly in running such a risk, But the thing was done, the bank was broken, and the veteran gambler had seen too many ups and downs not to have achieved a certain measure of philosophy. In short, he could have calmed down by degrees if let alone; but Bill Dresser's destiny meant otherwise. While Farley was still in the stage of white heat, his partner stood up before him, and spoke

"See here, Jim, yer can't feel any worse nor I do, an' yer can't despise me worse nor I despises myself. But that's little use to talk about. Ye'r' robbed, an' in the meanest way, an' I'm the dirty thief. Now, ef you woke and found a galoot goin' through clothes, wouldn't you shoot him' yer clothes, wouldn't you shoot him? Well, this 'ere's a par'lel case and ye'r' entitled to yer revenge. Wot I say is for you to jest take me out to th' edge of the sage-brush, and put a ball through my head. I ain't no good, no ways, an' mebbe ef you don't do it, I shall light out that way myself." Jim Farley looked hard at his part-

ner, and after a moment replied: "By thunder, Bill, you do deserve to be wiped out!

"Well," returned Dresser, perhaps a little peevishly, "why don't yer wipe me out, then?" This irritated the other, and, somehow seemed to put him on his mettle, and merely saying: "Come on! I will!" he stepped from the tent where the explanation had been made, and strode toward the dreary waste of sage-brushcovered plain that stretched in dismal around the camp tness followed calmer and cooler than before They halted a hundred yards from the outermost tent. Farley drew his re volver, examined it carefully, and then asked his late pattner if he had "any-

thing to say—last words or sech?' Bill Dresser merely shook his head. He was alone in the world. He had nothing to bequeath, and nobody to be queath it to. A look passed between the two men; a look of farewell, forgiveness, and rancor and shame all mingled together. Farley raised his pistol. A sharp report followed, and a man holding a smoking revolver in his hand stood alone, looking down at some thing that lay still enough at his feet. Bill Dresser had explated his offense as

far as he could. Nothing was done against Jim Farley who in due time died "with his boots If any reader thinks this story incredible I shall not be surprised. is often incredible, and this relation ic

A Light in Every Berth.

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Dupont's Gunpowder,
Blasting caps, fuse, etc
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